Edward Wester Creal

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM KENTUCKY

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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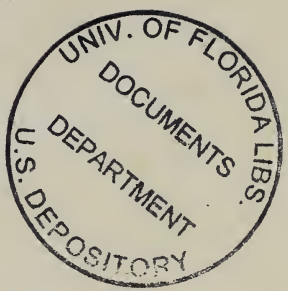

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Edward Wester Creal

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM KENTUCKY

U.S. Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session 1943. House

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Biography

EDWARD WESTER CREAL was born in a log house near Mount Sherman, Larue County, Ky., November 20, 1883; attended the public schools in Hart and Larue Counties, Ky.; taught school for nine years in Larue County and between teaching terms attended Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynn College, Buffalo, Ky.; was graduated from the law department of Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; was admitted to the bar in 1904 and commenced practice in Hodgenville, Ky. in 1910; served as county superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–1918; county attorney 1918–1928; Commonwealth attorney 1929–1936; owner and publisher of a weekly newspaper in Hodgenville, Ky., from 1918 until the time of his death; member of the Democratic State executive committee 1924–1940; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-fourth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Cap R. Carden; reelected to the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses and served from November 5, 1935, until his death in Hodgenville, Ky., on October 13, 1943; interment in Red Hill Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address_____ Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address_____ Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps_____ Musician Edward Masters

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

Edward Wester Creal

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1883; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

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CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businessman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
  In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
  The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
  And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
  And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
  I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
  And everywhere
Through the earth and air
  My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
  It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
  Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
  I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
  From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
  And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
  Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
  But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
  Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
  Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
  Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
  To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
  The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
  In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
  Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
  Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Edward Wester Creal

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Spence

Of Kentucky

Mr. SPEAKER. His colleagues who knew him best heard with profound sorrow of the death of EDWARD W. CREAL, Representative from the Fourth District of Kentucky since the seventy-fourth Congress.

Although Mr. CREAL had not been in robust health since he entered Congress and the able and vigorous manner in which he discharged his duties must have been a great burden upon him, he made a deep impression on his colleagues because of his ability, his candor, forthrightness, and his skill in debate. ED CREAL was a man of the people and he spoke their language, simple, clear, and direct. He was an able lawyer, proud of his profession. When he first came to Congress he was appointed as a member of the Judiciary Committee, which by reason of his long legal experience and profound knowledge of the law, must have been very congenial to him. However, because he represented a farming district and was desirous to subserve the best interests of his people, after he had acquired considerable seniority on the Judiciary Committee, he voluntarily resigned from that committee and became a member of the Committee on Agriculture.

He was born and always lived in Larue County, Ky., the county of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. That section of the country produces men who speak simply and candidly. Abraham Lincoln and ED CREAL both exemplified this virtue.

For years ED CREAL had been a Commonwealth attorney. His experience in that position, together with his natural and homely wit, made him a ready and forceful speaker. ED CREAL was a vigilant and hardworking Representative. He sincerely believed in and advocated those measures which he thought

were the best for all our people. He was an ardent Democrat and believed in the fundamental principles of the Democratic Party as the best means by which to attain our prosperity and happiness and to work out our national destiny.

When Mr. Creal came to Congress he rapidly gained the confidence and respect of his colleagues which increased with time, and he always held to a marked degree of affection and the confidence of his constituents. His district was almost entirely a farming district. His wise counsel and sound advice will be missed. His experience, his constant study and accumulated knowledge of legislation will make his services difficult to replace. When he should have been taking care of his health and having a rest he richly deserved, his fealty to his people and faithfulness to his trust caused him to stay at his post of duty. He is a casualty of the emergent times and the war as much as if he had fallen upon the field of battle.

Notwithstanding his district has elected a member of the opposing party, I am confident had Ed Creal lived, he could have retained his place in Congress as long as he desired.

Remarks by Representative Hope

of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: The people of Kentucky and this Nation lost a devoted public servant in the passing of EDWARD W. CREAL.

It was a pleasure and privilege to know Mr. CREAL during the entire period of his service in the House and especially during the latter part of that service when he was a member of the Committee on Agriculture. Mr. CREAL was an able legislator, thorough and careful in everything that he did, a giften orator, and a master logician and debater. In his work in the Committee on Agriculture he displayed a wide knowledge of agricultural problems and a profound interest in the welfare of the agricultural producers of this country. His advice and counsel were always sought and considered whenever important matters of legislation were before that committee.

The later years of Mr. CREAL'S service in the House were marked by ill health. In spite of this, he carried on with a rare devotion to duty which won the respect and admiration of all his colleagues.

Remarks by Representative Lemke

Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Remarks by Representative Fulmer

Of South Carolina

Mr. SPEAKER: I believe it is the opinion of everyone attending the memorial exercises on last Wednesday, May 31, that they were beautiful and very impressive.

It is very timely and appropriate that the Congress should at least once a year conduct memorial exercises, engaging in prayer and song in paying honor and respect to our colleagues who have been called to answer the last roll call here on earth.

I cannot let this occasion pass without paying a brief tribute to my beloved colleague and friend, who was an important member of the Agriculture Committee of the House, of which I am chairman. I refer to the late EDWARD W. CREAL, of Kentucky.

He was a man of ability, conscientious, and deeply interested in his people and his country. He was the type of Congressman who did not play politics. He preferred rendering service, advocating and working for constructive legislation.

For many months prior to his death he was a sick man, but he did not shirk from doing his full duty. It might well be said that he truly gave his life for his people and his country.

We so often speak of the casualties of war. The passing of EDWARD W. CREAL was one of these casualties, for he gave his life in service for his country.

I prized very highly his work on my committee as well as his personal friendship, and shall miss him.

There is one thought which I would like to pass on to his loved ones and his friends, that is, in his passing he has been relieved of sickness and all pain, and, while his body is resting beneath the soil of his beloved State, Kentucky, his soul is basking in the beautiful sunshine of peace and rest, awaiting an abundant entrance into that beautiful home prepared for those who love the Lord.

Remarks by Representative Gregory

Of Kentucky

Mr. SPEAKER: Having for many years enjoyed to the fullest extent an intimate association and deep friendship with the Honorable EDWARD W. CREAL, of Kentucky, I feel that the thoughts expressed in the poem presented to me today by Horace C. Carlisle are most appropriate and descriptive of the character, the sincerity of purpose, the intelligence, and the genuine worth of this distinguished son of Kentucky who has gone to his reward.

It is a privilege to submit this poem to the Record.

REPRESENTATIVE CREAL

A man of the people was Congressman Creal—
Yea, for them he labored and by them he stood,
And to them he trustingly made his appeal
For help to lift higher American-hood.
From near the log cabin where Lincoln was born,
Not far from the sweet southern home which inspired
The song, Old Kentucky Home, whose tones adorn
Its words, came this statesman, beloved and admired.

The Fourth District, which Representative Creal
So well represented, is sitting today
In sackcloth and ashes—her citizens feel
A sorrow and grief that can't soon pass away
Among all their many great men that have gone—
And they've produced many—Kentuckians feel
That, high up among the best that have passed on,
Deservedly, stands Representative Creal.

His district, his State, and his country have lost
A statesman, a thinker, a scholar, a friend,
Who, when duty called, never counted the cost,
But stepped to the task, and remained to the end.
He "died in the harness," as he wished to do—
In many hard battles, he signally won—
In glory the dreams of his heart will come true,
For he prayed one prayer, "Not my will, Thine be done."

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *October 13, 1943.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou who art the fairest among ten thousand and the bright and morning star, we pray Thee to send Thy redeeming force throughout this sick and agonizing world. As countless voices and songs may be gathered and blended into one strain of music, blessed Lord God, we pray that the dreams, the hopes, the aspirations and the wills of the United Nations may stand as one for the permanent overthrow of the devastating Huns and pagans of Christian civilization.

This day, Father, draw us into the harmonies of Thy law and into the blessings of Thy grace that we may hear the whisper of truth and the appeal of duty. Along the way of difficult tasks and in severe discipline, O let us perceive that the way of real life lies here. In all the conceptions of service there can be no loftier ambition, no deeper desire, and no sublimer purpose than to know Thy will and love to follow it.

Heavenly Father our hearts are again stirred, in this solemn stillness we are reminded of the brevity and uncertainty of our earthly pilgrimage. Again the summons has come and a faithful servant has left us. We pray for the blessings of Thy comfort to rest upon the fireside.

"There is a green hill far away;
Without a city wall.
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

"We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear.
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there."

In His name. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. Chapman].

Mr. CHAPMAN. Mr. Speaker, I send the following resolution (H. Res. 322) to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. CREAL, a Representative from the State of Kentucky,

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral,

Resolved, That the Sergeant of Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contigent fund of the House,

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. CHAPMAN. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad mission to announce to the House that this morning at his home in Hodgenville, Larue County, Ky., our respected and beloved colleague, EDWARD W. CREAL, passed from the paths of living men peacefully and quietly into the Great Beyond.

Mr. CREAL was elected to the House of Representatives at a special election on November 5, 1935, and had served with ability and distinction until today. The district represented by Mr. CREAL is one of the most historic districts of America. Within its confines are two of our best-loved shrines, the mansion of Judge John Rowan which was the inspiration of the soul stirring melody of Stephen Collins Foster, My Old Kentucky Home, now a State shrine; and a few miles from the birthplace of Mr. CREAL, and the home in which he passed

away, is another of our most cherished shrines, the log cabin in which was born that great American, that mystic mingling of clod and star, Abraham Lincoln.

Day before yesterday, I spoke in the historic courthouse at Hodgenville. Mr. CREAL spoke, preceding my talk, in behalf of the election of the Democratic State ticket in Kentucky this year.

Mr. CREAL represented a district that has always upheld high standards in the selection of men coming to Congress, a district represented by such men as John Rowan, James Proctor Knott, Ben Hardin, whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, after serving with him in the House, called "the kitchen knife" because of his methods in debate, the sage of Bardstown, Ben Johnson, who is remembered by a number of our colleagues still in the House, and more recently by the late Judge Henry DeHaven Moorman, one of the founders in Paris, France, of the American Legion, the late J. D. Craddock and our lamented late colleague, Cap R. Carden, the immediate predecessor of Mr. CREAL. Long before the days when Horace Greeley gave the advice: "Go West, young man," James Buchanan left his home in Pennsylvania and crossed the Alleghany Mountains to seek fame and fortune at the bar and eminence in the public life of the new State of Kentucky. He afterward said that he found competition there in the person of Ben Hardin, and such outstanding contemporaries of that great lawyer as Robert Dickliff and William Grigsby, so strong that he decided to return to his native State, later to become President of the United States. The Fourth District sustained its best traditions in sending to Congress a man possessing the ability, character, and courage of ED CREAL.

ED CREAL was an ardent patriot. He was a stanch member of the Democratic Party which in his judgment was the greatest instrumentality for good government and for the perpetuation of constitutional government in this country. He belonged to the great fraternity of country editors, and

owned and edited his home town paper until his death. He served with distinction as superintendent of the county schools, as county attorney, as commonwealth's attorney in his judicial district for many years. He was for 15 years a member of the Democratic State Central Executive Committee, the governing body of the Democratic Party in Kentucky, always performing yeoman service for his State and his people and his party. He had an active part, although not then a member of any legislative body, in the most recent congressional redistricting of Kentucky, and except for him it is doubtful if the redistricting bill which was so badly needed would have been enacted by the Kentucky Legislature in 1932.

ED CREAL'S first object of devotion in this House and at home was the basic industry of agriculture. He represented a great burley tobacco-producing district. He studied tobacco problems and understood them; he always fought the battles of the tobacco growers when their welfare was at stake. During the 20 years of my acquaintance with him he was always a sage in the councils and a flashing scimitar on the battlefields of democracy in Kentucky. He was an able lawyer, a gifted editor, a highly respected Member of this House, an effective public speaker who always commanded attention when he addressed this body, a public servant who regarded his office as a public trust.

It is with deep sadness that I announce his death to his colleagues who knew him, who respected him, and who were devoted to him in life.

Mr. O'NEAL. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. CHAPMAN. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. O'Neal].

Mr. O'NEAL. Mr. Speaker, the beautiful tribute paid ED CREAL by the senior Member of our delegation from Kentucky [Mr. Chapman] is certainly approved of and joined in by those of the Kentucky delegation. I wish to speak of ED CREAL for just a moment as a personality.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL

Our friend and colleague was deeply beloved by all who knew him, not only in Kentucky but elsewhere. He was a man who had the capacity for true and abiding friendship and he never disappointed anyone who placed confidence in him.

He was not well at any time while he was in the House. Some of his colleagues may not have known him so well as those who were in the delegation from Kentucky.

He had a brilliant mind, balanced by sound common sense. ED CREAL'S family owned the land upon which Abraham Lincoln was born and many times in my association with him I recognized a striking similarity. Both were distinguished by an extraordinary knowledge of their fellow man and a deep devotion to him. Both had a rare individual sense of humor, based upon an understanding and sympathy with the frailties of mankind. ED CREAL was a splendid lawyer and a man of the highest character.

The influence of his life will be felt for years to come and he will be missed always by those who knew him as a friend.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints as a committee of Members of the House to attend the funeral the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Chapman, the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Robsion, the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Gregory, and the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Vincent.

The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, October 14, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon.

THURSDAY, *October 14, 1943.*

Mr. FLANNAGAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for 1 minute, and extend my remarks by the inclusion of a resolution passed in respect to the Honorable EDWARD W. CREAL, of KENTUCKY, by the Committee on Agriculture.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. FLANNAGAN. Mr. Speaker, in the death of EDWARD W. CREAL the House Committee on Agriculture has suffered an irreparable loss. This is no idle statement. His gentle nature, his innate sense of justice, his detestation for sham and pretext, and his ability to think clearly and express himself concisely, were the outstanding attributes of this great American. On more than one occasion I have witnessed his clear thinking and concise expression bring to our committee order out of confusion. I do not think I ever came in contact with a mind that could detect error more quickly or pierce it more effectively.

Mr. Speaker, I incorporate at this point in my remarks the resolutions passed by our committee on yesterday in tribute to our former friend and colleague:

Whereas the members of the Committee on Agriculture of the United States House of Representatives have learned with profound sorrow and regret of the untimely death of the Honorable EDWARD W. CREAL, a Representative in Congress from the State of Kentucky, and

Whereas the said EDWARD W. CREAL was for several years a distinguished member of this committee and by his great fidelity to duty, the calm dignity of his presence, the courtliness of his manner, the courage and impartiality of his judgment, his lovable personality and capacity for friendship, his forceful, logical, and persuasive manner of expression, his integrity and sterling traits of character, endeared himself to every member of this committee; now, Therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of our late and beloved colleague, our committee has lost one of its most valuable members, the country an outstanding statesman, one who was at all times inspired by a

superiority of purpose and a supreme devotion to the ideals of this democracy, and each of us has suffered a deep personal sorrow; Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the family of the deceased and the original resolution made a part of the permanent records of this committee.

MONDAY, *October 18, 1943.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. CREAL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the provisions of the above resolution the Presiding Officer had appointed Mr. Barkley and Mr. Chandler members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *October 14, 1943.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. CREAL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky and transmitted the resolution of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Maybank in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 322) was read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
October 13, 1943.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. CREAL, a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, before I send to the desk a resolution following the message from the House of Representatives, I wish simply to say that I regret exceedingly to learn of the death of Representative CREAL, who has for many years represented the Fourth District of Kentucky in the House of Representatives. Mr. CREAL was a very able, very

conscientious, and very industrious representative of the people who had honored him. Before he came to the House of Representatives he had been prominent in the political, legal, and social history of his district and of his State. I do not recall any Representative from any district in my State who worked more arduously for the welfare of the people whom he represented than did Representative CREAL. His background, his association, his history, and his life were all such as to qualify him admirably for the public service, and he measured up to the highest standards of that service.

Mr. President, I ask for the present consideration of the resolution which I now offer.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 194) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. CREAL, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER appointed, under the second resolution, the Senators from Kentucky [Mr. Barkley and Mr. Chandler] as the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. BARKLEY, Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, October 15, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon.

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